

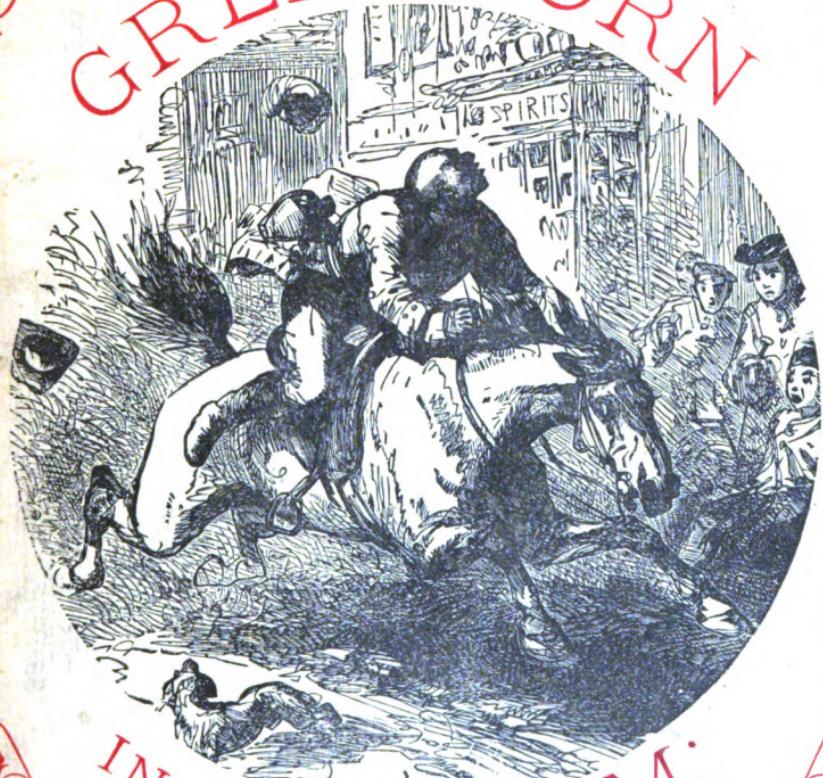
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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

ADVENTURES

OF A

GREENHORN



IN GOTHAM,

Or, Rawboned Rambles in New York.

NEW YORK:
COAST CITY PUBLISHING CO.,
49 Nassau Street.

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GREENHORN leaves the Sunny South for New York.

* ADVENTURES *

OF A *

GREENHORN



(Greenhorn's first night in Gotham.)

* IN *

→ GOTHAM! ←

* OR *

Rawboned Rambles in New York,

By PHUDGE PHUMBLE.



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PREFACE.

Having been *phudgeing* and *phumbling* around the World for some time, I made a brief halt in GOTHAM, (the great City of New York,) to have a rest, but from the many mishaps in my adventures in search of knowledge, and pulling for my oats, in the "Big City," I am led to the conclusion that a "Big City" is a *big mistake*, for a *Big Greenhorn* from the country. So if you want to be fully satisfied, read my rambles, and if you don't get your money's worth, you won't be any worse off than I was.

Yours truly,

PHUDGE PHUMBLE.

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ADVENTURES OF A GREENHORN IN GOTHAM.

MATRIMONIAL MYSTERIES AND MISERIES.

In a great city like this Gotham, usually called New York, some people have a peculiar way of getting a wife. A very fashionable way now is, to advertise in the *Herald* for a partner in wedlock. Not long since a friend of mine—a brother bachelor, by the way—was lecturing me on marriage. As he talked, I imagined I could hear the cry of babies, a call for new dresses, a rattling of broomsticks, a wish to go to the opera at five dollars a head, complaints of old-fashioned houses, no furniture worth having, a consciousness of the heaviness of empty pockets, and a thousand and two things besides, but my friend Charley said it was all stuff, and down he sits to write out an advertisement for a wife, to go in the *Herald* next day. I told him he had better watch his corners, but he only laughed at me. The advertisement went in. Several answers were received. Charley made a selection, and a time and place for meeting was agreed on between him and the fair one. He told me I must come along, a good ways off, close behind, to see how she looked. They were to meet on Sunday evening at twilight, in Washington Square, on north side of the fountain. She was to be known by wearing a black veil, and a letter in her hands which she was to be reading, he by a Shanghaie coat with

brass buttons and a maroon vest. He was greatly agitated. I was well entertained at his expense, and no doubt the loved one was crazy to find out how matters stood. Charley went on, and I not far behind him; he approached timidly; she was waiting, and no doubt had been for more than an hour—he saw her reading the letter, took a fluttering at the heart, and turned round to see if I was close by—so I was, nearer than he even could have wished, for there were some hundreds of people taking the fresh air in the square, where so many beautiful trees are growing, and some of them might know him.

As he turned she got a glimpse of the Shanghaie and brass buttons—she was on nettles. Charley was sideling up by degrees, and everybody began to see it was a matrimonial appointment. He reached her at last, the pass-word was given and she answered, immediately took his arm and off they walked, apparently the happiest two you never didn't see.

They had gone some twenty or thirty steps, were talking of the beauty of the weather, Saratoga and Niagara in the summer and goodness knows what all, and I was within ten feet of them, but they never noticed me. So I let them go on. All at once, as luck would have it, a gust of wind blew off the fair lady's veil; Charley stooped to pick it up, but just as he got fairly straightened, and took the first peep at her face, he let all holts go, and broke as if old Nick himself was after him. No lady could stand such treatment as that, so she put after him at no common gait, I assure you. I could tell from the way Charley streaked it, something was awful wrong. All the boys, grown up folks, and other quadrupeds, put into the chase and followed on; and I was not far behind. Charley was so hurried, he would not wait to find the gate, but made a spring and over he went, all except the tail of his Shanghaie, which caught fast in the iron railing, and down went his head

to the ground with his feet sky upwards. I saw the fellow was in a tight place, and no time was to be lost, so I out with my knife, whacked off the coat tail, bounced over, helped up Charley, and he and I cut stick for my rustic.

After about an hour, he revived enough to tell me that the fair lady turned out to be a *colored woman* of the ugliest kind he ever met ! Now, would you believe it? Charley don't give me any more lectures on the beauties of Matrimony ! However, I am bound over to keep the peace, for participating in the affair—yes, the piece of Charley's Shanghaie coat-tail. How much will anybody give for it ?

A NEW REMEDY FOR OLD CORNS.

Soak your feet in a boiling hot mixture of Aqua Fortis, Oil of Vitriol and Lime Water, for three weeks, take them out, and apply a poultice of Brickbats, Bed Bugs, Buckeyes and Chicken's milk, for a month; then rub well with a red hot iron, cut off your toes, and all will soon be at ease. This is an infallible cure.

RATHER ABSENT MINDED.

I made a mis-hit of it not many evenings ago. I set my four-dollar hat on a hot stove, and did not know but what it was a table until all the best part of it was burnt away and the room full of smoke. I was mad, and still I was laughing. I didn't know what to do, so I run out and killed an old maid's cat, split the difference and went to bed.

GO IN LEMONS.

Take care of yourselves, all ye modern specimens of professors, or you may come out like I did—considerably squeezed. A committee of young ladies of this small village called Gotham, waited on me with quite a treat in its way, for which I now take occasion most profoundly to thank every one who had a hand in the job. They made up a purse and bought the stuff to make me a professional gown, and with their fair hands they made it up for me in fine order, trimming the collar and wrist bands with quilted pink silk and a few other extras, being about the finest thing on record. Well, I hauled it on, strutted across the room to see how the Professor looked, came near breaking a hundred dollar looking-glass, by the way, in falling over an ottoman, and only saved the mirror by staving my head to one side through the glass window, and just then, pulling myself back a foot or two, I struck an idea for the printer, and that was the last I thought about the gown, for running down stairs, I grabbed my beaver [made of straw, though], and away I went, streaking it like a Jew after a penny, making for my rustic before I should forget what I was thinking of. I had not gone far in this fast way, before I attracted no small amount of attention, and in less than five minutes, I saw crowds of boys, ugly old maids, and grave looking men, dirty loafers, a fierce dog or two, a dozen broad brim quakers, and three policemen, on my track, as if I was some chap who had left jail without orders. Somehow or other I felt a heavy inclination to “go fast” but to save me I could not tell the cause of all this busy throng after me, for I never hurt one of the human species in twice the length of my life time, unless I had tickled forty thousand or so to death. Some dirty loafer made it his business to say “stop thief,” the women screamed, the crowd set up a terrible yell, the

policemen gave a knock on the sidewalk, as a signal for more help, and on they all came in one confused crowd together after the Professor. My face got redder than boiled lobster, thunder and lightning took hold on my lower extremities, and then I knew all the policemen, and all the policewoman too, might run, but not one foot nearer me they would get, for I have often run down a fox a fair chase in an open field, and knocked his daylight out in no time.

You had better believe I commenced to "lef 'em" way out of sight, and would have been half way to the north pole by now, only in my haste, looking behind and before me at once, I went cumsash chug against one of those Italian organ grinders, with a box of music on his back bigger than Bunker Hill, and over we went, making his organ sound so loud as never before it could, and before I could rise, one of the fast policemen, who was sure there must be two thousand reward out for me, laid hold of me by the back, and says he, "My prisoner!" "The thunder you say," says I to him, "what for am I your prisoner or nobody else's for either?"

He began to talk about "authority," and some other desirable things for himself, and so I thought the cheapest plan was to go with him and see what the trouble was. On arriving at the police court, not the first charge could they bring against me, only wearing "my gown," which in my hurry I had forgot to take off. But this being "no crime," the chap found himself in a fix, for he just then saw my name on it, worked with blue silk, and he knew I was some in a bear fight, being half hoss and half alligator, and the remainder mad dog, wild cat, and snappin' turtle. But fortunately for him, just at that moment, the chap who had said "stop thief," was found, who had to take all on his shoulders. He was made to stand up, but he was a blank cartridge, could say nothing, so he was sent to the Island for six months for dis-

turbing the peace. How do you all come on? I am so full of breath I can't hardly write. Ladies, your gown, or mine rather, got used up! Won't my readers buy me another? If you will, I can promise you not to wear it on the streets—but in my rustic. I shall make as fine a display of your compliments as is consistent with my present feelings; but be certain you don't put on any buttons, for the first time I put on the article I should laugh them off, thinking of my first one.

QUITE UNFORTUNATE.

Dick Doughnut, a few days ago, looked at a young lady who was so all smashen pretty that he had three of his eyes put out the first glance forty yards off-hand with a rest. All this might be avoided by the use of a pair of India Rubber spectacles, and Phudge Phumble charges nothing for telling you. If people will be ignorant at this cheap rate they ought to lose all their eyes.

THOSE GLOVES OF MINE.

When these old gloves were new,
They cost me one-and-six,
Alas! they're now worn through,
And I am in a fix.

Thus cried a friend of ours one night when he was all dressed for a party, his last shilling out of pocket, the stores all closed, and nothing to get his supper with. Poor fellow! he afterwards attempted suicide by swallowing an ounce of owl grease; the doctors got him out of his greasy condition.

A GREASY ADVENTURE.

Already I have told you of a little scrape I got into that turned out rather greasily. Well, it seems there is to be no end to my troubles, so, if they are worth relating, I will try occasionally to amuse you at my expense, though it may some time or other be the death of the Professor. I am sometimes wrapt up in the pertinacious tense of forgetfulness, and considerably unfortunate in the roving gender. Only a few nights ago, I was induced for the sake of my health, to crawl out from my rustic, and as I was going along Broadway, I recollect I had not been to supper, so I turned out into Elm Street, and wandered into a Dutch Grocery, bought a shilling's worth of eggs, and chucking them into my Beaver for convenience sake, went back to Broadway to have a peep at the pretty ones who make a smashing of all the young men's hearts. Just as I got to the place called the Tabernacle my hind foot slipped, and I tried the measure of myself, back downwards, on the sidewalk. The eggs—you know where they went to—they rolled, and about the time my noggin struck bottom, an old chap that weighed some less than a thousand, come staving along, slapped his foot on three of the eggs, and sent the contents a whizzing, most of which found a resting place on my person, from the head downwards, and mighty was the come down besides, for the old fat chap just puffed a time or two, threw up his hands, and down he come across your already humble servant, and wrap me in goose grease ; and wring my smeller, if I didn't just think he'd crush the daylight out of me ! But he was soft and squashy,

like a bag of cotton, which was all that saved me. With the assistance of some twenty interested bystanders, we were both soon on our legal foundations, and before I had time to fill myself with air enough to live on, "What made you do that for?" says old squashy. "Yes, and who told you to lumber your great carcass on me, you old mushroom persimmon?" says I, for I was now getting spunky. He puffed and spouted, like an engine in a snow bank, as if he would swallow me to get rid of me, but I told him to go in lemons, and things were growing beautiful, and would have been some pumpkins very soon, only an officer come along and scattered the crowd generally, and squashy and me particularly. They took us to the station-house, but being acquainted with the officials, they heard my story and found me innocent; so they laid me on a couple of planks and landed me as safe as could be expected in my rustic.

Bed-time coming on, I didn't feel quite as comfortable as usual, so I bathed my feet in warm water, took a dose of paregoric, went to bed, and had a warm brick put to my feet. After a night's sleep, intermingled with many fascinating night-horses, or night-mares, if you choose, and a heavy conscientiousness of what had passed, I woke and found I had made some serious if not fatal mistakes. I had swallowed the policeman perfectly raw; had struck my lower extremities into a boiling mixture of Omnibuses and Bowery B'hoys, and was snugly but rather warmly covered with the "Common Council," and my feet against "too big taxes." I am slowly recovering.

GREENHORN'S first appearance in Gotham—a fight with
Cupid.



Rain or shine to-day if it happens tu be dry.
Invenshun of Woddin nutmegs in Konneticut.
Moon fulls an' emties rapidly.
Short Wait deskuvered. (It wears wel.)
Greaze yer boots—if snows kums tha wunt mix.
Sun Shines—sum whar.
Sore thoats used for poultices.
Distrucktion of Ingum-korn by grindin, invented.
Thawey wether and dri sun shine.
Unkle Sam admitted into the Union.
Children fust used fur Ipercac durin teething.
War deklared betwean Katts and Doggs.
Layin of Eggs Patented by fowls.

Great Lybel Suit uv Nyfe against Lether ; boath
beet.

Days and Nites gittin longer if tha dont furgit it.
Scoldin used phor fuel.

1st Law-Suit begun (year 1st of Adam) tu be tryed
nex turm (in 1947.)

Street payvments fust used fur wood.

Ingen-Rubber conciences furst used in trayde.

Chills & fever used tu Kure Quinine.

Wooden leggs furst made out ov Kork.

Piece deklared atween Killkinny Kats in Ireland.

January diskuvered tu have only 31 Days.

WANTED.

Twenty fat babies, to cry the life out of an old bach.,
who is very rich, and we are the only one who can
claim his fortune, having killed off all poor kin with
street mud and tenement houses. The highest price
paid and no questions asked. Also, bring an old rock-
ing chair which can come well recommended for makin-
g a noise. Apply to Broken Humanity, Cracked
Brain & Co.

GREENHORN kindly holds a pair of Babies for a few
minutes in a Restaurant, and gets left.



Plow deap an Sow your Rock Salt in drills.
 Potato Riot durin p̄esidential Elexion in Ireland.
 Kows and Kalves shud be well shaken bephore
 taken.
 Ryze in the pryce uv doggs durin sawsage makin.
 Mylytia kawled out tu dephend Patent Rights;
 grate loss uv money.
 In plantin eggs, dunt put em tu deep in the ground
 or tha may spile.
 Oyle uv Birch fust used in the treatment of bad boys.
 Very hygh rains with dry thin winds.
 7 tymes 9 are 9, an 10 over with too tu karry back.
 Xpeck kold pheet in chickens—keep them rapt in
 blankits.
 Don't yu burn your phingers if you kan help it.
 Put yure babies out to sun'an' eat grass.
 Send phor the Doctur—unless you kan find Phum-
 ble's komic Kallender.
 Send yure lyp salve tu your sweet harts by male.

Now advance the price uv yure appetite.
 Glass Puddin is bad phor Dyspeptyks.
 Oil yure *years* bephore using.
 Aply a kote uv Tar an Phethers to yure fences.
 Lay in a good Suply of Neighbors for erly sallad.
 Phever and ager died by Statute Lymetation.
 Kut off you Hosses heds with hay an oats.
 Burth day uv the Pharther ov our kuntry—"be
 aisey now."
 Xpect showers of dry Moonshine.
 Tu tell the time uv day—look at yure klock.
 Tu tell a good tempered woman ask her age, it will
 put a sharp edge on her.
 Try a Poultice uv Phox & geese phor yure lum-
 bago.
 A Doast of Small Pox twyce in a whyle is good tu
 thin the blud tu much.
 Don't put on two much Salaratus on your apple
 sass.
 Leep year kums on. Get your ballots ready!
 Hoggs behedded in Sin-sin-natty.
 Holland taken by the Duttsch—grate destruction
 of Beer.
 Moon ryses about 6, or more, acordin whar yu be.
 Grate phall of Watter at Niagary.
 Gessing reduced to syence down east.
 Whisky fust used as a surculating Medium.
 Pig Iron fust used to Melt Phyre.
 Cows used fur food.

GREENHORN gets Goat on the brain, down in Dutch-town.



Things work Crooked sum tymes—beware uv Rams' Horns.

Slippery paths ov youth, Walking on Ice ; my boys beware ov Danger.

Gather yure Butter and cheeze before tha git two ripe.

Dont put on your paste board shues two early.

John Smith Born, 1397—a monthly Edishion issued ever since.

Dogs dont often git choked on butter.

Onions and asafidity, raised loud Schmell over nuthin.

Passionatish peeple, like Roosters, often git red in the gils.

Pork and Beans are sumtimes planted together.

Wash yure face and hans well in sweet oil when the win is high.

Boneset added tu apple pize gives them a taste !

If yu want tu keep yure kredet up, pay the money down.

The way tu break a bad habit, is dont begin it.

Cyder fust made from molasses in Nu-England.

Ginn and Milk made classical by Smyth on Sunday.

Floors used for cleaning Brooms—improved.

To keep moths out of klothing—kill them (save the hide and taller).

If men's phaults wuz writ on their foreheads wyde
brim'd hat wus a fashion.

When yu want to aply a plastur of kisses, fust be-
shure tha will stick before you try it on.

If yu want tu dreem and kant, eat roast cheeze,
pickels, and mince pi fur supper.

The cook kant eat hur aprun becase it goes agin
her stumack.

Mush and Molasses invented.

When yu want tu go on the kars git aboard the
rail rode before she starts.

Whitch is the south side uv a sow when her nose is
tu the wind ? (The outside.)

Pickles and Peanuts mixt dunt always make good
Punkin Pi.

Duties are ours, not other peeples duties.

Never eat muffins and biskits with the rind on.

The ballot box for women—the cradle—sumtymes
she's a *repeater*.

Cotton used for making wollen garments down
east.

Liquid Glue used for hair Dressing by "Tommy."

Dunt git married before yu pop the question,

GREENHORN gets his "Dander" up at a Boarding house.

Be careful you don't git born on this day; its not considered best to be borned too much on first ov Aprill.

Plant your goose feathers in good deep soil mixed with mud, not too salty.

Sawdust fust used for Counterfet Greenbacks—sent C. O. D. to John Fool & Co.

Battle of five forks—throwing out the last fat fodder to poor Cattle—great struggle between Hay & Grass Regement.

Organization of the society for preventing New Clothes becoming old. Moved, seconded and carried by Mr. Cornelius Mean that the best plan is not to wear them. (Applause.)

Treaty of pieces signed by Crockery & Glass.

Advise gratis and consultation free, but we expect a small fee of \$5.00 in advance as a pledge that you will take our advice and no questions asked.

Take a tonic to purify your blud—the following mixture is recommended—Price \$20 each; ladies half price when they come two at once. “Keep your heads cool, the feets warm, and your hearts cheerful.”

Tell no tails out of schule—if you carried your karactur into your pocket writ on paper, and lost it, how would you like it yourself?

You know how it is yourself—now sharpen your skate-spear's if you want to fight.

Daylight will now come just after dark, if the nights don't be too long.

Soup and tallow candles fust used in Arctic Regions for food.

Blacksmiths Invented—price of Iron been rizen up to this present.

Old Probabilities Entered the Act of Congress, Washington—the weather's been mixed ever since. Why don't he stop the storms if he knows they be cuming.

Days and Nights the same as ever, won't mix by shaking.

Postage stamps and horse hairs used for bonnets for wimen.

Don't make dumplins out of dried apples and old leather, unless you keep an eaten saloon.

How to steal or how not to steal—was the question before the cullered gentleman, but he compromised by releaving a Hen-reost of some of its burthens.

The man in the moon gets sleepy.

Rain may be expected if every thing work right.

Look out for stray sheep—your dogs may be in danger.

Sow your crackers and milk.

Expect weather of some kind; if it don't rain heavy winds.

Black your horses boots—give your boys a currying.

Dont gather your sows and pigs before they get well dun.

The price of Butter has a good deal to do with conscience; don't put in too much Lard with it, you may need it before hog-killing time.

Nights have not got up with the days yet, they begin fust—which?

In grinding your nose dont bear on too heavy—an inch on a man's nose is more than on somebody else's.

Pay your horses and feed your men well on oats.

This month has only 31 days at most, and mostly 30 will do.

A DOG IN AN OMNIBUS.

I was riding down town, one morning, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, just after breakfast and before dinner time; the omnibus was full besides myself, but I was induced to bear up with a little scrouging, as I was surrounded on one side by a very pretty girl, and just the same way on the other, so that let me look which way I would two piercing sweet eyes were fixed on me, while the odor of Lubin's extracts and sweet-scented

pomades came floating like a freshet in Spring time over my affections. I did not know either of them, and the thought of big brothers and patent duels, prevented me from overstepping the rules of our "best society." Nearly right opposite me in the stage, sat a fellow with one of these shaggy-hided dogs called poodles. I am not fond of dogs any way, and this poking a puppy right under a fellow's nose, when he is trying to take a comfortable ride for a sixpence, to save man flesh and shoe leather, was a little rather particularly doggish for me to put up with. I watched my chance, whilst Poodle was flying round among our feet, and his owner was holding up his quizzing glass, looking at some "fashionable" on Broadway, and quick as thought I crammed an old stub of a cigar down Poodle's throat, then looked away somewhere else as innocent as nature itself. In about two-fourths of a minute, the shaggy little rascal got sick below the stomach, and he began humping his back, whining, frothing at the mouth, and running from one end of the stage to the other, in such a melancholy way, that he attracted the attention of the passengers strangely and intensely. Mr. Mush-tash called kindly, but puppy obeyed not. When the little fellow got to raving his worst, I cried out, "Mad, mad; that dog's mad, and somebody will be bitten; let us out, driver; no time for paying fare now," at the same time pulling the string and stopping the vehicle.

The way that old maids, those pretty girls in their silks and in their teens, half-grown lads, old women, the man with his gold-headed cane, little girls, and a literary chap or two scrambled about there to get out, was a sin to Crockett. I enjoyed it, I did ! for the dog and

I were all the passengers left in the stage. Mr. Mustumash was seized with the Hydrophobia and left, streaking it across-town, fearing the dog might follow him. The driver was the maddest of all about not getting his fare, and made a great fuss for a little while, but had to cool off when I told him what happened. He drove on and I took care of doggy. When I got to the Ferry, I paid sixpence, got out, sold Poodle for four shillings, pocketed the money, and went on my way rejoicing. Better keep your dogs out of my way.

LOST.

On hangman's day of last week, a fine box of burglar's instruments. They are the property of a poor fellow who has long been honestly engaged in breaking into other people's houses, and taking therefrom all their loose change and spare jewelry, and when hard pushed, some few pieces of extra clothing. Not having any other occupation by which he can make a living, and being unable to purchase another set, he hopes all good citizens may do their utmost in helping to find them. When found, please send immediately to the Robber's Benevolent Thieving Association on Villain's Avenue.

PUZZLE.

If you were standing on hot iron, bare-footed, a hornet's nest above your head, your hands fast under a fence, and a pair of tongs hold of your nose, which way would you go?

GREENHORN goes a phishing for Crabs and catches one.



Moon rises, if it's not too cloudy, according to the time he gets along—he keeps getting later all the while.

About now expect sumthing too happen, and if it happens you will know it.

Paris invaded by French men.

Gunpowder fust used as an argument to Settle little misunderstandings.

Alcohol proclaimed King by Rumsellers—War hav slain its thousands, but King Alkohol keeps killen—always.

Suisseide reduced to a science by the Dutch Germans; they don't kum back no more to see how they do like it.

The difference between young Rye in the field and old Rye in the stumake is not so much after all —both are heavy headed.

Fust impressions are very lasting—and hard to remoove. Do you remember the fust time you got a whipping ?

Green vitriol made from Iron—men have since
made money from Green vitriol, without Iron.
Cups and saucers may now be used—dont take
them in too large doses—or they may gripe
the pocket.

Moses said to have crossed the Red Sea:—Don't
immagin that you can cross the Atlantic in
the same way, or you may get your shoes
and stockins wet. Moses went over dryshod.

Flies will catch more molasses than you will, un-
less you can catch more than they do.

Bacon and beans are worth what they will sell for,
generally, if you can get it.

If Blacksmiths are scarce, iron dear and your
horse tender-footed, ask him to wear one of
your old shoes; his heart may be too full to
speak—but don't be offended.

If you sleep late, the sun will rise early.

The Moon shines brightest of a clear night.

The best place to buy your groceries is where
they sell cheapest; and the cheapest place is
where you can buy best.

The size of a man has nothing to do with his re-
sponsability—the smallest man I ever saw
cheated me the wust.

Pay your debts, if you can; if you can't I can't help
it.

The way to keep your credit up, dont go in
debt.

To tell the difference in the weight of Feathers
and the weight of Iron—get a friend to drop

a pound of each on your head—you can guess it, blindfolded.

Keep an account of your expenses; see if you can tell the difference between Six-Dozen Dozen, and half-a-dozen Dozen ?

If you use too much Arsenic with your white sugar, you will find it very expensive.

If Queen Victoria wasn't Queen Victoria she wouldn't be, that's all! She don't weigh any more than a great many wimen of my acquaintance and yourn too.

If a Herring and a half cost a cent and a half, how much will twelve come to? You wont do it the fust time! Get some body to help you.

Apple sprouts are often used for bad boys. Dont give it too often; it hurts sometimes.

Shoe pegs fust used for seed oats, in New England.

Burnt cork invented to make white men into niggers; it dont wear well, but is black as ever. Can you make white men out of cork?

If you slip down don't forget to get up before you go ahead again.

Give credit if you would die poor.

Frogs driven out of Ireland by St. Patrick, my darlin. Where did they go to? Some people say they broke two legs coming to a free country.

KNOCK DOWN POLICY.

I was standing on the corner of a street where there was a Dutch grocery on one side and a paint store on

the opposite; while there a little boy came along with the end of a big broom in his hand, and in he went to see his Dutch friend. Whether he took any grog or not I am unable to say, but very soon, a dandy-looking chap and his big rough-looking dog came by that way, and they went in. Before long, the boy came running out, like the Maine Liquor Law or some other cold substance was after him, and sure enough he was right that time, for the big dog was after him, going bow, wow, wow, every kick.

The boy yelled; the dog barked and made for him, while the dandy looked on and laughed. The boy still had the broom, thumping away at his doggish friend the best he could. I began to feel like taking the boy's part, but thought I generally had scrapes enough of my own, and concluded to let him fight it out. The contest grew hotter, the boy grew stronger, and stood fair to lay Mr. Dog out pretty soon, for the end of the broom, including mud, etc., must have weighed near ten pounds. The dandy could not stand this, and he rushed out to get hold of the boy—two dogs against one boy—but just as he got within about four feet of the boy, the chap brought his friendly dirty broom round to lay out the dog for good, but doggy dodged and dandy got the full force of it against his noggin—and down he come with his nose in the mud, as stiff as a poker. The Dutchman ran out and—"Oh, mine got, one of dese dogs am killed, an what for you do that?" said he to the boy. Before he had time to say more, the dog went at the old chap, who had a pipe in his mouth, and got a good firm hold of him about the middle of the back, and down he brought him by the side of the dandy. "Let

go mine back, you ish one fool dog, I never fur tuch you," cried he, but the dog began to give him a shaking, like he was a snake. At this doggish stage of the game, one of the Spring Street omnibuses, full of passengers, came along in full tilt. The horses became frightened, ran on to the sidewalk against the post, and overcame the awning and its appendages in front of the Dutchman's store, and in a few moments everything was in a glorious state of confusion, and in one pile, Dutchey and Dog doing the worst, talking in their respective languages. Just then I thought best to *leave* without asking any questions.

•♦•

LOOK OUT FOR THE DENTISTS.

My friends, be cautious how you go to a block-headed Dentist, or you may meet with misfortune, like a friend of mine. He had seventeen of his teeth plugged to avoid the tooth-ache, prevent a further decay, and keep his grinders fit for chewing his grub. He and I went down to Coney Island to go in and take a good salt water bath. We plunged in about the same time, and the first thing I knew I heard Jack go blub-blub-quabu-he-chug, and by the time I turned round, I saw his feet sticking straight up toward the elements above, and his head hunting for the bottom. Thinks I, "Business must be looking up with Jack," as that was the only way he could look, but on examining into matters a little, I found the lead in his teeth (instead of gold) had overbalanced his risible powers, and drawn Jack's head under. Beware of these Dentists, I tell you, or keep out of deep water.

GREENHORN goes for some early fruit, and goes home
in a hurry.



Expect a large crop of Moustaches, where you
have a Verdent Soil.

Be careful in thrashing your wheat with horses—
if the hoss don't hold on to the flail with his
forefeet he may thrash you with his hind ones.

Now if you ever expect to suppose on a bed of
Roses, they be full and fretful : but in your
haste don't forget to spread a feather bed over
the roses or you won't sleep good.

Don't complain of scarcity of food, while grass-
hoppers are plenty-full ; they make good soup ;
and fried in phat nice and crisp, they can't be
beat—I mean it, what are you laughing at ?

Don't make much fire, you will be warm enough.

Turn your young clover into your old colts.

Kalkulate of seeing wimen in gay harness.

Don't Sleep too late in the onion-bed—it is lumpy,
and distills a strongish schmell, if imposed on
too long.

If you have a soft place in your head try to find it,
but don't make a hole in too many places—
you've only got one head.

If you keep your gun powder and your molasses
in the same Dimmy Johnathan, they may get
mixt.

If you enlist and go too war, wrap yourself in a
police of Cotton Batting—so if you get hurted
or wounded, the cotton will keep you from
bleeding too much.

If you happen to get scrofula, measels, or an attackt
of Brown-Critters, bad debts, and so fourth,—
don't be in a hurry to tell it too often.

Did you ever hear ov a phortune being left too
Sumbody, without wishing you was Sumbody ?
It's all moonshine. Well, how can it be other
wise when the moon shines.

Berkshire County is in Massachusetts, not Massa-
chusetts in Berkshire County ! Don't believe
all you hear.

Eat not your dinners unless you have something
to eat.

When you call for a letter at the post office, don't
get mad if the P. M. wants to know your name.
Money, the root of all evil—if planted in rank
soil, brings forth much trouble.

Don't get sick if you can help it—too much is
enough of any thing.

The hemp is now growing that will hang some-
body—I dont mean to be personal—nor par-
ticular.

Stationary ingines move when they go on a bust.

- If you ever get the big, ugly, or long-grumbles on you, try to Drink water. Dogs go mad more oftiner than any other dog.
- If you let the high price of Skunk Skins make you enthusiastic, remember that though so small and so pritty to look upon, still they have a very bad breath—almost too much to knock you down.

When your neighbors complain of the bad dog you have got, you may make them easy by telling him it is the best you have got.

Did you ever have a kiss knipped in the bud by a six year old little Benny coming into the room, just as you was about to left ? I know you feel bad, but I am not to blame.

A friend ov mine is a bad speller, but pronounces well sometimes. He spells L-a-w-y-e-r and pronounces it L-y-ar. Correct ! go on. Next !

Tomato-vines bear "Love Apples ;" yes, and they will bear more than that, if you bear on them much.

The price of Tobacco in the United States is \$250,000,000 per annum, and why pay for it every year, at the same rate ? If you had it all into a pile, which would you take—the money or the Tobaccy ?

A mansard roof on a house is sometimes bad, but a mansard mortgage is always worser.

Finish planting your milk and butter. Cover well with bread.

MY ADVENTURE WITH THE SOAP FAT MAN.

We had a sharp race one day, about what might be called a small affair, but which I am thinking was of no ordinary dimentions. We were sitting in our "Rustick" and by the way of keeping up fashion, we have a bell which every one who comes to see us must ring before he gets in (and those who have ill-will against us don't get in then if we find out his business before-hand); and right over the bell is a little sign reading thus : "Please ring the bell !!" Well, this is nothing uncommon, as I thought, but a bright genius of Irish reputation and dialect seemed to think that the bell was put up for his special benefit, and that he might ring it all day if it suited him to do so, and at it he went.

We keep a lad in our Rustic to cook for us and do many little things that it is impossible for us to get time to do, even if we were ever so willing—but that is not the case. So the boy, after answering the gentle tap of the bell for two or three times, said that there was a boy outside ringing the bell "just for nothing !" I was streaking it away, writing some little matters for the "*Filossofy*"—and now let me tell you we got mad enough to kill elephants.

The next time the boy came to ring the bell "for fun," I was waiting for him and bounced out of the door about like butter runs off of hot iron, and as we reached the street told the chap to "hold his horses;" but he broke, and we broke after him, both of us doing our cleanest best, and caring for no part of mankind, only I was for revenge and he for getting where I could not hurt him. I made up my mind to follow him

if he went to Japan or Jerusalum, for I got the more mad every jump I went. As he went on, half frightened to death, not knowing where he was running, he stove against a soap-fat man, and over they both went in one pile, the big tin being on top. I was running at the rate of forty miles an hour, more or lesser, and could not shut off headway, so I drove right into the soap-fat man plump up to my neck, and if I could see a wink for two minutes you may shoot me with ram-rods ! This greasy collision cooled me off a little, but as soon as I got my eyesight, don't you think that boy was standing right before me, grinning like a meat-axe ? I made for him again, but he was off and I after him.

The next place he decided on stopping was at his mother's room, in a rear building, up an alley way as slippery as a lawyer's tongue, and just big enough to run in. When he got to his mother, I was right behind him, and I suppose looked as mad as a Russian Bear. The woman was washing out some clothes ; the boy went in screaming like a wild cat, while I was telling him to hold on. The brat's bawling raised his mother's spunk, seeing I was trying to get hold of him, and the first thing I heard was, "Sure is it afther killing him agin ye are, a bit of a delicate boy like him ?" Just as she said this she took up a big wet sheet out of the wash-tub, and "squash" it went over my noggin.

I don't want to say any more, only that I got back into the street the best I could, the old hag pelting me all the while with that wet sheet. I have not heard anything more of the boy or his mother, so I suppose we will quit even. I am just able to get about and

have to offer you this as an apology for not saying more. Next time I hope to come off better. Beware how you go staving into a big Irishwoman's room up an alley way in rainy weather. I wonder what become of the soap-fat man ?

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Egg-stealing, and how to make Cheap Butter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A LEATHER APPETITE.

This work comes just in the "nick of time;" for times are mighty hard, and provisions very high. The author understands his subject well, and I have no doubt but he has stolen more eggs than would load a wagon, and the way he talks about making butter out of lard mixed with old cheese rinds, chicken feathers and coal dust, shows him to be a man who has lived void of any feeling, except the inclination to feel in other people's pockets. Price two thousand dollars, bound in extra dog-skin.

"*Did Dick go There? or, Life on a Flat Boat.*"—By Peter Potato, Esq. In this, we have something rich, sartin, and it does put me in mind of my rambles on the Mississippi amazingly, where they had plenty of Bull-beef and Potatoes. Now, whether this same Peter Potato is the big tough one I tried to eat but couldn't come it, or not, I won't pretend to say; but if so, I am not surprised, for it appeared old enough to be an author. There are many fried cuts in the work, that would serve to whet your appetite, but as provisions are too high for people to afford eating, I won't recommend the work for reading, till we see how the new crop turns out.



GREENHORN Joins a Military Company, gets hungry, goes to the
Refrigerator for Something to Eat, and finds it.

GREENHORN puts a head on JOHNNY BULL, on the
Phourth of July.



. Broil your Beef-steak in the Sunshine—why waste wood; a penny saved is a penny pocketed.

Don't get Married too much. Every other dog has his day and so have you—but don't take any other boddys's day.

Wimmen ov beauty don't fuss much about wimmen's rights, but about men's rights.

Phyre off your Phourth of Juli, Star Spanggled, Yankee Columby and Hail ye Doodle Banners.

Eat your dinner at Jones's expense, if you would enjoy it.

When I was a Stew-dent I recollect the time when a man stopt before the door of my landlady and cried out, "Heare goes! cheap meat for board-ers"—and thinks I that means me.

Lemons may be expected sour this month.

"Ten acres enough," as the man said when he found the hogs in his Corn.

The law ov supply and demand regulates the price,
in most things, including the girls I leff behind
me and miskeeters too.

Rest when you get tired; you can't keep the sun
from shining.

The longer you live the older you will get, ✓
you live.

If you were born tu be hanged you will never be
drowned; but, then you can't tell which class
you do belong tu ! Next.

Look out for your City Couzzens—they becum
phond uv the country in warmish wether;
change uv air giveth a good appetite.

It is hard to make a straight shadow from a crooked
stick—and so you will find bad men.

Too tell the contents of a letter—open it.

Gather in your crop of flies.

Sure cure for toothache—pull it out and don't pull
it back agin.

Examine your phlea-beds—they work good this
month if they do well.

To take Kastur Oyle without tasting—Swallow it
raw.

If you would act the part of a friend in need, take
the place ov a man when he is to be hung;
he will never forget you, though you *may*
forget him.

Hide otter of Roses where ever you will and it has
its odor of sweetness still.—So has a good
Karacktur.

Allmanax makers mostly hav sum Medicine they
want you too buy—I give you mine for nuthin
“ Mirth cures more than Physic.”

No man is so wise, but some boddy can make a phool ov him. Has he tried it on you yit ?

Never go in debt. When you owe a man, you are his slave—for the present, and the phutre.

If you boil your cabbage & your Beets toogether, each will taste uv the other ; tha don't mix good, but love and lemons do.

When you advertise for a situation just state that work is not so much an object as a steady place and good pay !

The way to keep from gettin in a pashion: quit before you begin.

Step on a man's korns and he will remember you, and you may remember him.

Rushing things—marrying in haste and being dreadful sorry at leisure ; stick to your bargain. Confusion has its comforts, as the thief said when he stole the watch and departed in a hurry through the crowd—ahead uv tyme.

Awl and the Last—is what the shoemaker killed his wife with. Dont kill your wife too oftin, she will get tired of it. She's awl you 've got.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Every body and the rest of mankind loves the ladies! So does the professor. A few days ago I thought of having a bit of a delicious kiss from the lips of a charming young girl of fifteen. I was in the front parlor on first floor. I heard Some one coming down stairs and walk through the hall at a rapid rate. I knew the walk—it was she. I rushed out to meet her and steal the

kiss before she had time to say no! I did give her a glorious kiss; she screamed out at a terrible pitch, and says she, "What do you mean?" What do you think? My stars, if I hadn't kissed the old woman of sixty, the girl's mother, you may shoot me! "Excuse me, madam," says I, "I thought it was your daughter!" This made things worse! "Oh, ho, that's what makes Sally come down stairs so often, I spose," cried she; and at me she come with the hat stand in one hand and a coal scuttle in the other. I broke through the window, and managed to escape just in time to save my bacon.

KUSTOMARY NOATS, (Not Kustomers' Noates.)

Mornin Stairs.—Venus having got a black Ey, eatin Eyce Kream, Dollars & Sents will be mornin stares from 30th uv Febuary to 32d of August.

Evenin Stairs.—'Spite of Temperance lecture and the price of grub, BACK-US will rule in many regulated houses, fur men *will* jump tu konclusions, which being most sober of the too, *will* stan the longest.

Brightest Planets.—The chaps who have the biggest Dimond, the longest purse, an, the most brass.

Expedishush Travlin.—The kars on the Break Neck Valley Raile Rode Co., tha say goes so fast the passengers kan't see the tops of the trees as they go long over the Prairie; and passengers are set down at their Journey's eande about too minites before tha start. How about "olde acquaintance not forgot?" Can you beet that?

GREENHORN takes a salt water bath at Coney Island.



BILL OF FARE.—AT OUR HOTEL.

BREAKFAST.

Hot water, and dried Apples.

Cat Hash with fried Eel Jelly.

Boiled Beef Chops, Liver—sausages.

Broiled Cup Custard, Griddled Kidneys with sweet
sawdust.

Swop Horses and rest on it. Skunk Pie.

Castor oil with Buckwheat Cakes.

String Beans fried in Lemon Juice and Molasses.

Chickens in the shell. Mint salad.

Red Ink and Sweet Lemons. Alligator Stew.

Oxtale oysters. Frog sauce.

DINNER.

Expect a good appatyte, if you be hunggrey.

Order your fried Chamber Maids early.

Now for business. See if you have money in your
purse.

Roast Cranberry, Hog Sauce.

Stewed Lawyers, with Greenback Jelly.
Fricasseed Tailors, with stolen cabbage.
Soft shell Doctors, Assafitody Julip.
Early vegetable ; cast Iron Pills, Patent Ratt
Eterminators ; Epsom Salts.

TEA AND SUPPER.

Apple sauce, made from oranges and onyons.
Rhubarb and Aloes Dumplins.
Newspaper omelet with codfish sauce.
Porter House coat tales, with speckled tailed
trout.
Flannel soup ! garlic sauce.
Bean short cakes, Pine knot kaughphy.
Scolloped sheepsteaks. Clam Jelly.
Prepare your Turnip Beds and set out your
Phrogs before frost comes. (Now go on with
your supper).
Stewed Scotch Snuph, Mustard Pie.
Fried Sellery with Turpentine syrip.
Pickeled Hats, with Shaker Stew, &c., and so
fourth, and so fifth.

A LOVER LASSOED.

It will be seen from the following, that there are others in this world besides myself that get themselves into trouble, and don't manage to escape any better in general than I have done for a number of years in a special manner. Here are a few solid facts, which are but too well known in Gotham, and therefore the real names of the parties must be kept behind the curtain

for a time. The young man I will call Jimmy, and the fair lady, Lucy, for the sake of convenience. Jimmy met Lucy "by chance," and his heart was put in motion extra, to the tune of "no such thing as rest." He loved Lucy at first sight and couldn't help it. So he managed to get a knock down to her. Lucy's father lived in a nice quiet way in the Fourth Ward. Jimmy was good looking, talked quicker than fast horses could run on the Bloomingdale road, and his whiskers curled equal to bacon rinds on a gridiron.

Such being the case, of course Jimmy walked into her affections right along, and doubtless the matter would have ended with bridal rings, wedding cake, kid gloves, kisses, crying, and a bridal tour, had it not been the kind old father took Jimmy down a stitch or two; for he did not fancy him in the least, and gave Jimmy a passport in the shape of "walking papers," with a very firm request that he would forever after make himself scarce.

But lovers are sometimes not particularly liable to do as they are bid, and so it happened in this case, for Jimmy went, after the "old folks" were loudly snoring, and made love to Lucy more than ever—stolen bread is very sweet, you know, and so are stolen kisses—but this did not last long, for the old man awoke one night, at an unfortunate moment, and Jimmy made a streak in the way of a forced march from the premises.

After this, the old gent grew more adamantine than ever, reprimanded Lucy, my darling, and ordered all doors bolted and barred at nightfall throughout all future time. Love is a great rogue sometimes, and the doors and windows might be locked, thought the des-

perate Jimmy, for he went over that which he could not get through, and managed again to baffle the ever watchful guardian, the old gentleman, and he went every night to see her as before.

But, alas! one evening, Jimmy scaled the walls, and was anticipating a happy meeting, when the sound of bow, wow, wow, from a couple of bull-dogs, put him all on his heels in a hurry, and before he got to the end of the alley, the dogs were on the track, hot and hasty, bent on making an end of him, or making a nab for him, but their teeth missed fire, and Jimmy had a few moments more to live on earth, instead of dying a victim to love. He had no time then to retreat over the gate as he had often come in, and the dogs were growing more anxious for an intimate acquaintance every moment, but he did not like the idea of an open and shut fight, two to one, in that doggish manner. Now, wasn't he in a die-lemon?

There was one chance left him, and that was to jump up and catch on the sill of the church which was on one side, and enter the church at that dark hour of the night. To save life, future hopes, and his strong trowsers, he made a mighty leap and pitched himself headlong into the church among the benches, the dogs coming up just in time to see a nice job taken from their very jaws.

But, poor Jimmy ! his troubles were not over yet. How was he to get out of the church, for the doors were all locked ? Being particularly desperate by this time, he raised one of the windows fronting on the street, made a "lover's leap," passing an empty space of twenty feet before striking old mother earth, but was

fortunate to fall unhurt, amid a pile of mortar and bricks. He would soon have been off, but he came near jumping on to a policeman, who laid hold on him, and asked "from whence come ye down in such a hurry?" Not feeling disposed to tell all his adventures, he was taken to the Station House, under a charge of sacrilege. Talking about your smashes, wasn't Jimmy in a stew?

Next morning, at the Tombs, he was in despair, and thought the course of love on the rough order, but as fortune would have it, there was a large crowd of loafers "before his honor," and by watching close, he got a chance to "vamose" unobserved. He is troubled yet with palpitation of the heart, even at the bark of an impudent "poodle," and looks wild out of his eyes; but when I told him some of my love scrapes, he said he would "try and forget the past." Plague on these troublesome dogs! Don't you say so?

◆◆◆

A MODERN MADE MAN.

A new pair of Lemmon kyd gloves made uv sheap skin, a glassy-sylk-phur hat, Californy dimond, pair ov patent leather boots, a pair of dog-headed shurt studs, a royal Habana seegar made from oak leaves and Dutch Herrin, a Doe-Skin pant-a-brick-a-shoddy-loons, fitting tighte as a big nose after havin Erysipilus; a linen muslin Hankercheaf cultered with Jockey Club Xtrac uv unions, a well-oiled hed uv hair made uv Barber's Itch and liquid glu, a brass-coated face, a twerled mushtash, a two ounce kane, a phinger wring uv golden glitterin metal, put all too gether, myx thoroughly an take in a glass of sweet lemons.

GREENHORN consults a Counsellor at Law about his
little troubles.



Things too happen't when tha kum to occur.

Fust lunar Eclipse of the sun, 9 P. M. in the morn-ing.

Hog chollery among your kows.

Your wyfe will find an *old* letter *lately* written by your old sweet heart to you. Vibrations dis-tinct, the shock general. No lives lost.

Pompy will be struck by de engine, throwd 40 feet —and cumming to his senses, make a muss about stryking a gemmam in de face wid de cool scuttle for nuffin.

Needles will be pins when you put a head on him.
What's the price of chickens by the gallon?

Saw dust will be used for packing. Don't use it for stuffing Turkeys; brown bread is better.

Be careful or your Tongue will slip more oftener than your phoot—life is uncertain and so are you.

Flies will be phond ov molasses, but you need not think strange of that. *Vinegar* makes the eyes water.

Let Dogs delight to bark and bite, but I mean the other fellar, not me.

Love by moonlight will be as safe as ever, but hardens into konsistency after kooking and Washing. Have you been thar?

Korn will be korn if not made intoo rye.

Voting by proxy, and taking a thrashing in place of your neighbor, is very different the one from the other, if you try it.

Rum kills more than famine—don't let it kill you.

A long lane that has no turn in it—the road to ruin!

When you can't go round a hill, nor over it or under it, go through it—and so when you meet with diffikulties, do the same way—only more so.

Salt won't save you from drownding.

Hot biskets are light in the oven but heavy too the stumake.

Let him laugh that loses—he who wins is sure to laugh, unless it's in a law-suit; in that case put on your habitements of mourning, for your Dollars are numbered, if you *do* win.

When you get tired, rest—if you can't, you can't. Don't blame your Doctor when you won't follow directions. Shaken, then taken.

Never let your head get bigger than your pocket-book; sometimes both get empty—time and tide waits for no man.

It's a bad sign to see a man lazy; what phor did his muther raise him? When hogs become phat and lazy you can kill him—not so with a man!

Expect showers if you stay out late and phorget where you was, when you get too home.

The longer you grow the higher you will git, and the more you will know don't get high in a hurry.

If you must have one of your limbs kutt off—dont let it be your head—you might feel the need of it.

Soft heads and harsh words mostly go toogether. I remember, when a boy, the phellah who told me to git out of his orchard with an amendment of Apple spouts. I had pheelens, if I was a boy.

It is best to stop talking when you have nothin too say—tired nature needs rest.

A man phinds his mistake oftener than he acknowledges the corn.

If you put your head into a place where you cant get it out, you can't fall back in good order.

Never pay a bill before you owe it; you will have enough that you can't pay after you do owe it.

When you lay down in a field dont leave the gate open; it is easier to get a cold than to cure it.

LIFE IN A NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSE.

Madam Chissel kept a one-horse boarding-house, three stories high in Hominy Place, Baker Street; we went

with her to get grub for a season. We had many interesting inmates, both male and female, of different ages, but mostly sharp-nosed old maids and surly bachelors. There was Miss Moley Nose, Miss Red Head, Miss Weak Stomach, Miss Quizzing Quingle, Miss Fourty Thousand, and many others that I have long since tried to forget, but cannot. Of bachelors we had Doctor Dochead, Lawyer Fleece-um, Major Surveyor, P. Sumption, Esq., A. B. D. (Abominable Bad Dog), Full-me-up, Squeeze Fingers and others. We give below the bill of fare at our hash-house.

For breakfast we had Slug Soup, Leather Crackers, Dog Dumplings, Hot Water, Coffee grounds, Fish Hooks, Fried Newspapers.

For dinner we had goose grease, ground gridirons, goat gravy, pigs' ears, persimmon peelings, pot luck.

For supper we had freak I seed frogs, swiveled swimp, samon soup, gutta percha preservs, soused pine knots, paregoric. For side dishes we had cat-soup for Miss Weak-Stomach, fried inkstands for Lawyer Fleece-um, dried cabbage for the Doctor.

One day Lawyer Fleece-um went down town and left his pantaloons hanging on a chair in his room; however there was no money in the pockets and he thought there could be no harm in leaving them. Well, after he had been gone some hour or two, Miss Moley Nose accidentally went into his room; that is, she went intentionally for some purpose, and it being a nice day, she thought of course, no one else in the female line would be in-doors, but walking on the streets. She had a little curiosity—women "hardly ever" have any of that, but she did, and wishing to make herself look bet-

ter than common, she put on Mr. Fleece-um's trowsers! She had just got them fairly adjusted, and felt that Bloomerism was triumphant, and she was strutting across the floor in all her glory with a hat, Mr. Fleece-um's frock coat, boots, vest, and in fact all of a gentleman's rigging on, when, who should come rushing into the room, but Mr. Fleece-um himself! A scene followed, and one went before also. It could not be expected that Fleece-um was thinking of women in that shape, so he concluded that nothing shorter than a "thief" was trying how many valuables he could carry off. So he said: "Woe, man," but not the cent she did, for she screamed worse than an old maid of forty-five, and out she went at the door, leaving most of her own wardrobe in the room for Fleece-um. However, he did not stop to notice it, but right after her he went, down the stairs, she crying out Murder! help! Bring my gown here! while he was saying, with all his power, "Stop thief! stop thief! Drop that bundle of information papers in the case of Fool against Fuddle, and you may have the clothes!" The servant girl, a big fat Biddy of about twelve stone weight, thinking the house was on fire, went rushing up-stairs, while Madame Chissel called a policeman. Biddy, Miss Nose, and Fleece-um, met about the same time and place in very much of a hurry, and 'mid the horrid mixture of "far-down" Irish brogue, the old maidish ejaculations of fright of Miss Moley Nose, and the eloquent appeals for "information papers" by Fleece-um, down they all came in a mess and in a muss, at the hall-door, just as the policeman made his appearance ready for duty.

Miss Moley Nose lost her beautiful set of "false

teeth," which everybody but herself thought "genuine original matter" before. Mr. Fleece-um lost his wig, most of which Biddy got into her mouth, while the policeman secured all parties and marched them off to the station-house, taking Madame Chissel along as an "important witness." As might be expected, such an important step in the way of making an arrest created an immense excitement, and by the time the parties all reached the police court-room, the crowd within and without amounted to thousands of the most anxious-looking customers you ever laid your eyes upon. The newsboys, who are always on the alert for some new source of excitement with which to raise the wind and sell extras at high prices, caught at the bait just thrown out, and began crying, "here's the extra; got the arrest of women in men's clothes, great loss of life and property."

As a matter of course, the policeman who came up with so much property in the shape of human flesh in his possession and badly or wrongly adjusted clothing had to give an account of how he came by it. It was rather a ticklish piece of business anyway, for the point was should the charge be "arrested for wearing men's clothing, she being of the opposite sex," or taking without liberty—in other words stealing—for Lawyer Fleece-um cried "stop thief," in the first instance. Finally, the charge made out against Miss Moley Nose was for "wearing the trowsers," and Fleece-um for assault and battery. Such a roar was never heard in any court since Noah left the Ark.

Lawyer Fleece-um roared, Miss Moley Nose screamed, while Madame Chissel yelled like a wild-cat and then fainted.

No man, or set of men, court or jury or anything else human, could have kept things straight at this time, for of all the roaring, in the way of broad grins, a gentle tickle, keen whining of interesting boys and girls, and the real side-splitting horse-laugh from grown-up carmen and dirty-looking coal heavers, intermingled with the stifled giggles of sober judges and old men; this beat anything ever seen in this part of the world.

Lawyer Fleece-um wanted to say only a few words to "his honor," but by the time he commenced, Miss Moley Nose stood up in her boots, or Fleece-um's rather, with all the man's rigging on, and spoke in a modest whisper that you might have heard at least a quarter of a mile, and then came in Biddy and Madame Chissel with the chorus that silenced the others so fast, it made the judge's head swim and his mouth water.

His honor now became confused and took the wrong dog by the muzzle. He concluded that Lawyer Fleece-um had been courting Miss Moley Nose, and was trying to back out of it, and that Madame Chissel was Miss Moley Nose's mother, while Biddy must have been the one important witness. "Do you intend to marry this young lady or not, sir?" cried out the judge in a tone that showed he was in downright earnest.

From the efforts which Miss Moley Nose and Fleece-um were making to speak at once, the judge thought they had better "be taken out to cool off," and accordingly they were sent to another room where they mutually agreed to let the matter drop, and in ten minutes they made up a match and the judge solemnized the rights of matrimony between two of the most sour-tempered old coveys on the face of this earth.

GREENHORN talks Turkey to his landlady, and gets a
receipt for it.



PROGNOSTICS.

A flexible twig, makes a good baby Jumper.
Many things are plainly to be seen, without spy
glass or telescope—you can see what sum-
boddy else does, but not what you do.
You will be ugly when breakfast is not ready, and
just so when it is ready.
Is it that your years are too short or your ears too
long? I dont make insidious komparisons?
Waste not, want not—you have no brains to
spare.
Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; be patient,
you'll get your thrashing in due time; and
when he cometh he will not be in haste, but
take his time and do his work well.
Evil Kommunities corrupt good manners—don't
mix your mules and your oats to much.
Do not be in a hurry to get old; it will be long be-
fore you are younger.

If you have a will of your own you will be wanting
your neighbor's too—then how will you be
able to give and take?

Look out for the man who has the greatest invention
of the age, just patented—a new kind of
hen that lays 8 eggs a day simply by sprinkling
Pepper on her tail.

Expect sum book agents, who will sta all night;
next morning you will subscribe for the "Agricultural Voyage to the Moon."

Dig your apples before frost comes.

Vote for the 33d amendment, Kompelling quack
Doctors to take their own medicines; it will be
sure to cure them.

Ketch your chickens before you eat them.

A rolling stone gathers no moss! Who said it did?
or any other man?

When you find a round ball square, expect the
faultless man is next door tu yu.

When you find a Bull in your Crockery store, re-
member faint heart never won fair lady; go
for him—it will be taking the bull by the
horns.

Remember when you go to law, if you don't dye
fust, you will leave a legacy to your children.

Don't come tu New York to buy farm lands, it
costs more here than out in the country.

If you have neither klock nor watch, be not dis-
couraged, noon comes exactly at 12 o'clock, the
same time every day.

If the people go to sleep under your preaching
get some one to wake you up—not the people.

Poking the phire with your fiddle-stick may stop
your music.

The most eloquent man is he who speaks the
truth.

Your biggest apples and phinest potatoes to top
off your barrels, will bring its weight in shoddy-
cloth and sandy-sugar.

One Cent will be paid for the man who never got
mad—wimmen included, no questions de-
manded.

If your hair is cumming out you can glue it in—
dont apply too often; it hardens the scalp.

C.O.D. (Come over, Davy) as the girl said to her
sweetheart.

Rum, Rags, and Ruin go together.

What do you think of a man who will deliberately
phill his mouth and knose with tobacco?

Did you ever enjoy the luxary of going up to the
Captain's offis and paying your taxes? You
breathe easier.

Too live right, and too die right is giving the
phinishing touch to a man's life.

AN EASY WAY TO PAY DEBTS.

I was somewhat astonished to see an Irishman of my acquaintance had got married such hard times as these, so I asked Pat how he made out enough money to pay the Priest for saying the ceremony. Pat very coolly replied as follows; "Oh, Mistur Phumble, a body has to be sharp these tijmes entirely to get along, and indade they do that, and when Bridget and meself went

to be joined for one, to save the boarding of two, an' when the Clargy was done his part well (Lord spare his health), says he, "Where is my money?" I told him I begged the pardon of his holiness, that I left the change at home, an' if he would like, I would lave Bridget as security till I wint afther it; he towld me to be off, an'-away I wint, but not a cint of money I had at home or fram home aither; but whin I got outside the door, I saw the Clargy's fine black coat, which he had left off in the hate of the wither, an' for fear he might kape Bridget to pay for the debt, I took his coat, wint to the Pawnbroker's, pledged it, got the money, and paid him ivry cint I owed him, like a gentleman as I am." I told Pat he would make a living, but he looked rather pale when I asked him "what he would say next time he went to confession!"

MY TAILOR, CABBAGE AND CONSCIENCE.

I have to wear clothes once in a while, when I can afford it, and go according to the weight of my purse, unless it has more coppers in it than gold pieces. So I have what is called in York "My Tailor," who does my stitching. We got along finely until times began to get squally, and then "cabbage" seemed to be the game with him, for he would have it that it took a mighty lot of cloth to make a garment for a small man like me. I put up with it for some time, but finally gave him a gentle hint on the subject, which caused him to redden up behind the ears strongly. Not long after this, I heard his apprentice say the Tailor had a hard spell of sickness, and during the time he had a

dream. He saw fluttering in the air a piece of cloth of great length, of various colors, composed of all the cabbage he had made. The Angel of Death held this piece of patchwork in one hand, and with an iron rod in the other, he was giving the tailor a good thrashing. The man of cloth awoke in great fright, and made a vow if he ever recovered, he would "cabbage no more." He soon recovered, and lest he should forget himself, he told his apprentice to put him in mind of his dream every time he went to cut out a suit of clothes. Tailor was for some time obedient to the intimations given him by the apprentice; but a rich old chap having sent for him to make a suit of very fine and costly goods, he could not stand the temptation. The apprentice put him in mind of his dream, but to no purpose, for, said he, "I am tired with your talk about the dream; there was nothing like this in the whole piece of patchwork I saw in my dream." As might be supposed the Tailor soon forgot the dream, and "went in some pumpkins" into all sorts of cloth; but I had him then, for I got a new suit to keep me from telling on him, and so he and I parted; but I have no doubt he lives on "cabbage yet," for he looks like a "stalk" of greens in frosty weather.

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YU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO TILL YOU TRI.

As the man sed when he whipt his wyphe—mostly, only she whipt him; and he seemed tu havo a grate deel of feeling on the subject. Alass! what a world uv dysappointment!

GREENHORN weighs both political parties in the balance,
and votes for neither.



A PHEW SELECT ADVERB-TIZE-MENTS.

On account of my recent death I wish to sell out
my shue and bute business.—*Pat Rooney*.

Wanted.—A wyphe, who kan kum well recom-
mended—a widow, and if she can put in a
dozen children into the concern—all the bet-
ter.—*A Wyphe Hunter*.

For Sale.—A heavy concience—which I can't at-
tend to on account of uther biziness.—*Phat
Phellow*.

A magnifying Compass—makes a Dime big as a
Dollar—awl-ways points to the pocket.—*Skin
Flint*.

A phour-legged hoss, blind in two eyes, can't see
out of the other—limps a little when he lies
down.—*Jocky Jones*.

Boy Wanted.—An orphant, who is not over 30,
quick at figgers, understands the care of

Hosses, and must live with his parents.—*Low, Tide, & Co.*

Short Hand writer wanted; one who kan take down a speech before it is spoken—must lisp and have red hair.

Practical Engineer. Who has bin killed a phew times with nitro-glycerine, sunk a phew steem Boats with Stationary boilers and can bear a heat of 610.

Sixty genteel boarders, who furnish their own meals aud lodgings, would be accepted in a strictly private family at only \$2000 per week in advance.

We stop the press to say we can't take no more adverbs this week, but hasten to give the following highly important news, just found in our Bureau drawer:

Chinese have tails on their heads, and take to rice like ducks to water.

Uncle Sam has got an attack ov Yankee Doodle and not expected tu git over it.

Tempest in a tin Kittle in Ingland—a man found eating plumb Beaf and Roast pudden with the rind on.

France—La Belle France, in tortures shrugging hur shoulders with heated fears—Logwood scarce—advancing the price of klaret: sweet oil merchants ruined by the duty on imported lard.

Germany—goot-olde-farder-land—mit lager habits going to war mit the Prussians about de bad

Diet—tax on cabbage abolished and other reformers promised.

Great riot in Con-nect-i-cut. 2000 men, besides wimens and childrens in the extensive wooden Ham factory are on a stryke; Hams are stiff in price to day.

Excitement in Dakota—a deer phound with horns tu his head.

Frightful! 800,000 people on an Island totally surrounded by land and water. New York City is still on Manhattan Island.

We be too phull of news to-day to say no more; the next thing will be sunthin else.

Knew Inventions, just patented;

The 3 stooled leg for wife to komb your head with.

Kornucopia—a horn with plenty for every body
Be sure you get it—the plenty I mean.

Machine to make double-headed, sealing single-ended barrels.

Paper splitting apparatus—to double your pile of greenbacks.

Device to regalate the weather to soot every boddy.

A self cooking and eating machine.

Improved eves dropper, to tell what people say about you.

Automatic multiplying mouth for the timed to talk with.

A knife to cut off all hope of going into bad speculations.

A self-propelling wagon, without wheels or runners, to save horse feed.

SOFT ON BOTH SIDES.

I was amused at an Irishman in Baxter Street; he wanted to take a snooze, and no bed being convenient, he lay on the floor, and put a bucket under his head for a pillow; it was a little hard, so he stuffed the bucket inside, with his coat and trowsers to make it soft; he went to sleep with a soft head, perfectly contented. I left him in his glory.

THE USES OV A PERPETUAL KALLENDER.

Did you ever think what a fixt you wud be in ef you should loose yourself an forget whar yu was for a phew munths, and be without a kallendar tu tell night frum day? D' ye see the pint? No tellin when it was June nur Juli, and when the sun riz nur when the moon was phull too runnin over; nur what day uv the week it was; and no tellin when you should live nor how long you should dye—in fackt yu wood be in a fixt yu never dreemed about if the nuzepapers, Awl-monix, or sumbody else didn't do it just to keep the run of time for you.

Always bare wun thing in mind, and that iz, don't get losted in the phust place, and in the second place, when you doo get lost don't furgit that the munth allways begins on the first day of the month, the week allways begins on Sunday, and the days and the nights ar the same lenth tha used to wus. If you go astray after this don't blame mee nur my Komic Kal-lendar.

GREENHORN takes a ride in a Butcher's Cart and gets a fall.



SHORT AND SWEET ADVICE.

Pay all you O! but never owe a grudge to any body.

Put money in thy purse, if you have it.

Phatten your horse on saw dust if you can.

Never get in a hurry—Never get in a pet.

Obey all the commandments, the 11th included.

Always be a gentleman, if you are not a lady.

Dont think the world drunk, because you are not sober.

When every body is mad, keep in a good humor.

Its easier to talk than to "hold" your tongue.

Never think the world can't get along without you; it did once and can again.

Knotty wood makes the best phuel when you get it on the fire—take care of your knotty Children.

Phun without vulgarity is the only kind that will keep.

Don't change everytime the moon does, unless you
change for the better.

Birds have wings, you have not—don't try to soar
too high.

Two wrongs don't make one right—law may be
law but not Justice every time.

Soft words will make you more phriends than
Sharp ones.

Light weight is better than a heavy one—on your
toes.

Did you ever know a man or wimmin too, that was
hungry for a headache?

Pheathers are as heavy as iron, 16 ounces to the
pound.

If you have a house with a *mansion* Roof (Mort-
gage) on it, dont say "This is my house."

When you went to schule, the days seemed too
long—now they are too short.

Once a man, and twice a child! but how about the
woman who never was a man, and can't be a
boy?

Beauty is but skin deep, and ugly is to the bone,
beauty soon fades away, but ugly holds its
own.

If you want to think of anything, don't forget it.

There is more pleasure in the persuit, than in the
possession—as the man said when he caught
the skunk! It had a bad breath?

The bitter pill that lodges in the throat, and the
phalsehood that's in the mouth, taste very
much alike.

27. You find much fault with the looking-glass when young, but more when you are older.
28. We all have our troubles in this world—the thief got his foot in the steel trap and couldn't get it out again.
29. Be careful in looking into the unknown phuter, you may get the door of time shut in your face.
30. Go where you will, and you will find somebody.
31. Do not carry sand in a seive; our time is up, the year closes, and we bid you good bye forever.

A FELLOW IN A FIX.

During these hard times, many amusing as well as miserable things will happen. When Banks were breaking every day, the drouth was laying everything waste, and the multitude were in a muss, one poor fellow of our acquaintance had a few hundred in hard cash deposited in the Bank. He became alarmed, and said he would draw out his money. Here again he did not know what to do with it, for rogues might break through and steal; or if in specie he might drop it in crossing the river, then it would be gone forever; paper money might swim, but would be easily destroyed by fire; if he loaned it on interest the parties might break; if invested in stocks they might depreciate to nothing, so he was in all sorts of a fix. He finally locked it up in silver and gold in an iron safe, but a thief came one night and took off safe, money, and all! Money is a great burthen!